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AT
ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

JOHN W. WAYLAND

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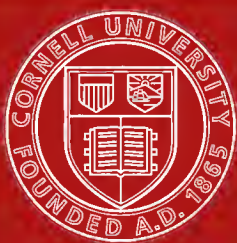
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SIDNEY LANIER

· AT

ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

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SIDNEY LANIER.

SIDNEY LANIER
AT
ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

Where and How the "Science of
English Verse" was Written

A NEW CHAPTER IN AMERICAN LETTERS

By
JOHN W. WAYLAND, Ph.D.

RUEBUSH-ELKINS CO.

Dayton, Va.

1912

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Dedication:

To

MRS. MARY DAY LANIER

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Massanutten Peak from McGaheysville.

IN THE SUMMER LAND.

BY MY path the flowers are springing,
In the summer land;

Overhead the bees are winging,

In the summer land;

There's a song in every tree,

There's a chorus blithe and free,—

There's a voice that's calling me,

In the summer land.

Bonny brooks haste to the river,

In the summer land;

Miles of lances gleam and quiver,

In the summer land;

There are fragrant copses nigh,

There are mountains blue and high,—

There is promise in the sky,

In the summer land.

* * * * *

On the heights the day is dying,
 In the summer land;
Through the copse the wind is sighing,
 In the summer land;
But there's promise in the skies,
And I fix my waiting eyes
Where I've seen the morning rise,
 In the summer land.



Sidney Lanier
at
Rockingham Springs

IN William Hayes Ward's *Memorial of* Sidney Lanier, prefixed to the volume of Lanier's Poems, edited by Mrs. Lanier, and first copyrighted in 1884, is found the following statement:

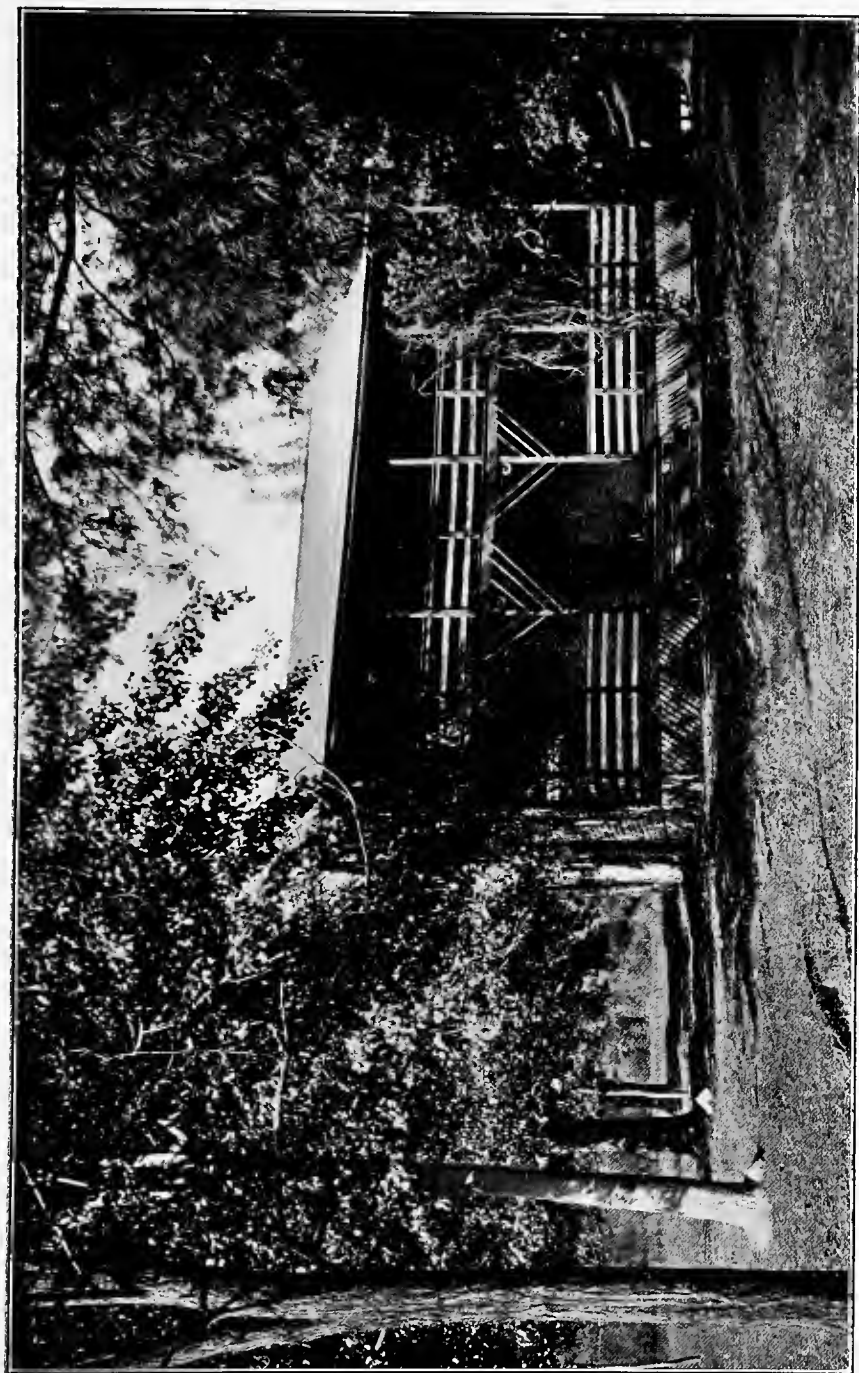
The summer of 1879 was spent at Rockingham Springs, Va., and here, in six weeks, was begun and finished his volume, "Science of English Verse."

It is possible, as will appear further on, that this statement may need some qualification as to the particular assertion that the "Science of English Verse" was begun at Rockingham Springs; but in the main the statement is accurate. The treatise was

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certainly put in written—perhaps final—form at the place and time designated. Therefore, in view of the interest and significance of this treatise, the growing appreciation of Lanier, and the fact that nothing in detail has yet been published concerning the activities and incidents of that summer sojourn in the mountains of Virginia, the subjoined account is offered to students of American literature and to the general reader.

On February 3, 1879,—the day Lanier was thirty-seven,—he received a letter from President Daniel Coit Gilman notifying him of his appointment as lecturer on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University. Such recognition of his merit must have brought keen joy to the soul of the poet and scholar, and have justified the faith he had proved years before in turning from the law



Lanier Cottage at Rockingham Springs.

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to letters. The appointment was not only an honor: it assured him of the first definite income he had enjoyed since his marriage, twelve years before. With faith justified, therefore, and with long-cherished hopes sustained, he must have gone to his work that year with strength renewed. In the later days of July, or the very first days of August, he quit the busy, heated city and went, with his wife and younger children, to the quiet and shade of the mountains. There we shall presently see him, at his work, in his leisure, and in the joy of his master passion.

Rockingham Springs are located near the southwest end of the Massanutten Mountains, a straight narrow range that divides the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia for fifty miles, beginning abruptly at Strasburg in

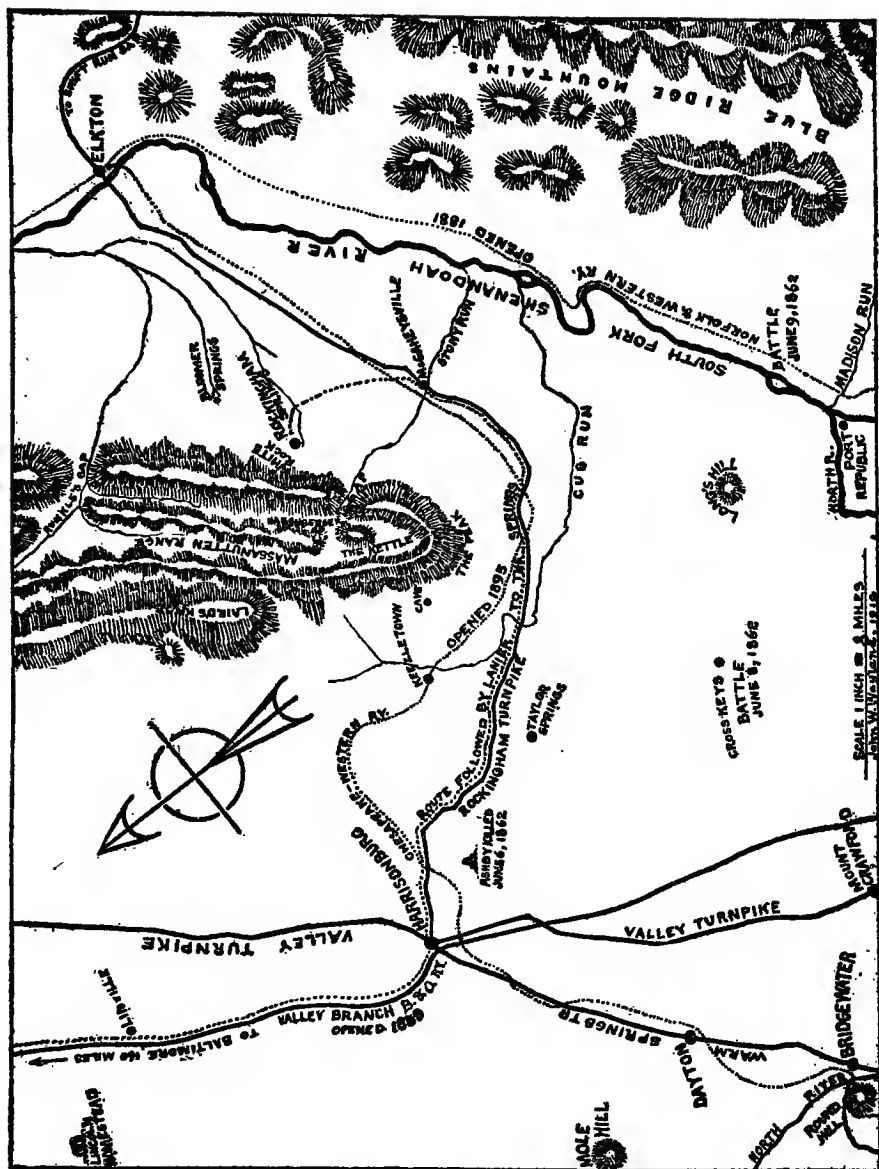
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Shenandoah County, and ending just as abruptly at Harrisonburg, in Rockingham County. At the present time three railroads make the Springs easily accessible; but in 1879 there was only one railroad through the Valley, and the nearest station to the Springs was fifteen miles away. Says Mrs. Lanier :

Our journey to Rockingham Springs in 1879 was made by rail to Harrisonburg, and thence by stage through McGaheysville to Rockingham Springs.¹

A glance at the accompanying map will make the final stages of this notable journey clear, and will give a definite acquaintance with the location of the Springs and the places thereabout. Some of them were famous before 1879.

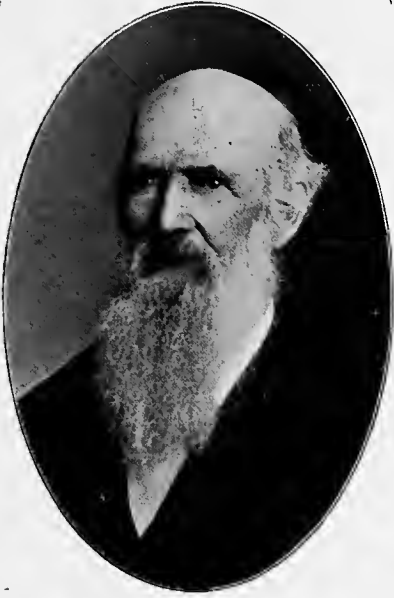
¹ From a letter by Mrs. Lanier, dated July 19, 1911, to the writer.



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A number of Baltimore people were accustomed to come to Rockingham Springs at the time of which we write, and one of the cottages was called Baltimore House. In this cottage, as was fitting, the Laniers were given apartments. This house is still standing, and it remains unchanged in form and general appearance; but surely we may take the liberty now of changing its name, and of calling it henceforth "Lanier Cottage." The quick sentiment of Lanier must have responded at once to the coincidence of finding this quiet little "Baltimore" in the wilderness, after he had left the big, noisy Baltimore so far away.

Another coincidence must have pleased him: The owners and managers of Rockingham Springs were then, and still are, Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins—Mr. G. T. Hopkins and his son, Mr. Edwin B. Hopkins



Gerard T. Hopkins.
(1898)



Edwin B. Hopkins.
(1879)



Lanier Cottage at Rockingham Springs.



Room in which Lanier Wrote the "Science of English Verse." (Right-Hand Room on Ground Floor.)

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

—distant relatives of the Hopkins for whom the great institution in Baltimore, with which Lanier had so shortly before become identified, is named.

Lanier, in his personal appearance as well as in his habits of work and recreation, may be brought graphically before us at this juncture in the words of Mr. Edwin B. Hopkins:

The figure of Sidney Lanier at the time of his visit to the Springs would have attracted even the casual observer. He was above the average height, wore a full beard, and, had he not been so emaciated, would have been a man of very commanding appearance.

As soon as he was settled in the cottage (Baltimore House) at the Springs he inquired of me about a writing desk. Finding that we had nothing suitable, I had constructed for him a top of a desk which fitted on a small, four-legged table. He gave the necessary directions to the carpenter him-

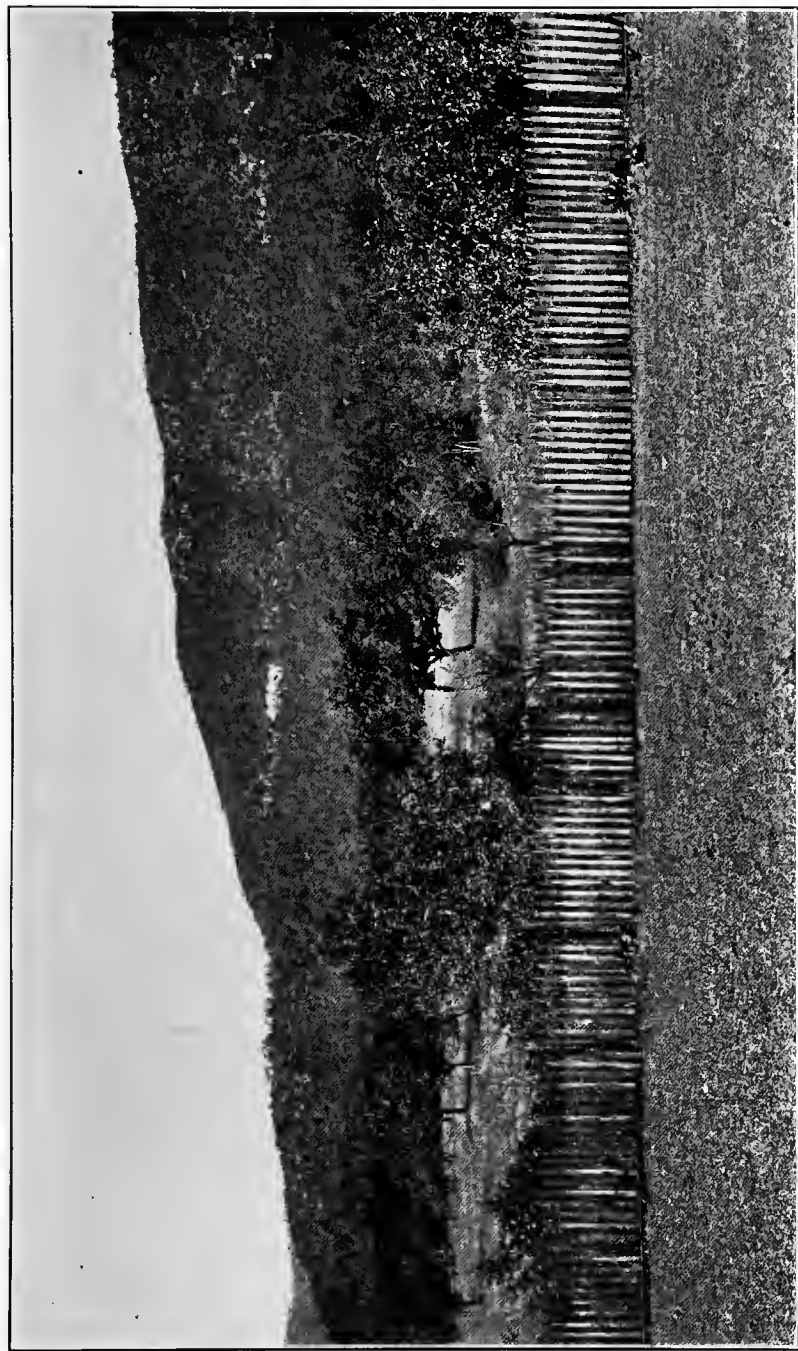
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self (as to the slant, etc., that he desired); and when completed and placed on the table it had very much the appearance of the old-fashioned school teachers' desks found in our schools some forty or fifty years ago. It was upon this rude structure that his famous 'Science of English Verse' was composed in six weeks. This desk, after his departure, I found pretty well bespattered with a blue ink which he constantly used.

Lanier was very systematic in his work, breakfasting about 8:30 A. M., shortly thereafter retiring to his apartment to work; appearing for dinner, and then resuming his writing until 4 P. M., when he would appear in riding costume (a pair of white corduroy trousers I remember as a conspicuous component).

His rides were upon the back of a famous black Canadian pony that we owned, and which carried him for miles in every direction, radiating from the Springs. Upon his return he would relate to his friend, the artist, John R. Tait,² what he had seen,

² John Robinson Tait, landscape painter, author,



Messanutn Mountain and White Rock. (View Westward from Rear of Lanier Cottage.)

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

describing the many beautiful scenes he had observed in the landscape.

The Fischer piano now at the Springs was selected by Mr. Lanier in Baltimore; and many were the evenings that he would regale the assembled company with his Brohm flute, while his wife accompanied him on the piano. These treats were willingly granted whenever he was waited upon by a delegation of ladies or gentlemen; but the most inspiring of all his music was produced after 11 P. M., when everything was quiet and every one supposedly asleep. It was then that he came out upon the upper porch of his cottage with his flute, and remained there an hour or more improvising. I can compare such an hour to a description of Rubenstein's piano playing. This flute playing was done for the benefit of his

.

and critic, was born in Cincinnati in 1834; he died July 29, 1909. Several of his paintings were exhibited at Philadelphia in the centennial exposition of 1876.

SIDNEY LANIER

lungs, as he had the utmost faith in its virtues.

Mr. Lanier engaged the entire Baltimore Cottage for himself and family in the spring of 1881, but his failing health induced him to go to New York to consult a specialist in lung trouble, who advised him to try tent life in the pine woods of North Carolina. His wife wrote me about sending him the Black Pony, but his waning strength left him unable to take such exercise, and a few months later closed that useful life; but not before he could well have exclaimed in the language of Horace,

*Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*³

We are fortunate in being able to introduce in this connection extended quotations

³ From an account written in the spring of 1911 by Mr. Edwin B. Hopkins, for the Lanier Literary Society, Harrisonburg, Va., and transmitted to that body through Prof. Cornelius J. Heatwole. In the autumn of 1909, when the new State Normal School opened its doors at Harrisonburg, two literary societies were organized. One was named for Robert E. Lee, the other for Sidney Lanier. It

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

from the letter of Mrs. Lanier, written July 19, 1911, to which reference has already been made. A copy of Mr. Hopkins' letter, as given above, having been submitted to her, she wrote (in her own hand) as follows:

Let me now explain that the *Science of English Verse* was indeed put on paper in Mr. Lanier's own handwriting within six weeks, at Rockingham Springs; but it was shaped from the material of the course of lectures delivered to Johns Hopkins students during the winter of 1878-79, and I believe it was largely the same. Mr. Lanier carried the heavy MS. by hand, in valise, to Baltimore. I remonstrated; but he solemnly declared that if anything should happen to that MS. it would kill him: that he could never replace it: meaning, that there was no reserve of life left from the task.

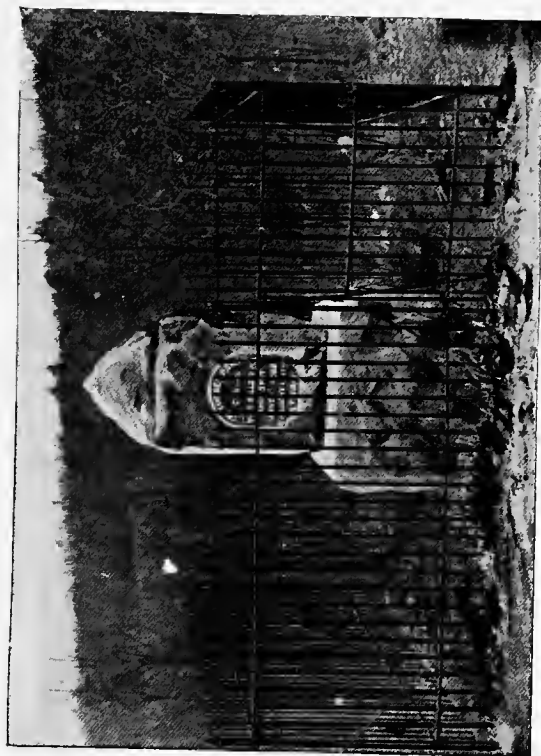
I find my memories of that summer very imperfect; it was a lull between storms.

was for the latter that Mr. Hopkins prepared his interesting paper.

SIDNEY LANIER

But I am not the less persuaded that the interval of thirty-two years has—naturally—dimmed at one point Mr. Hopkins' reminiscences. I refer to the *midnight* flute playing on the upper porch of our cottage. I wonder if Mr. Hopkins may not have wakened from an early sleep at the call of the flute, and drowsily imagined it to be half-past 11 and 12, when it was really much earlier. It is always conceivable that a musical enthusiast may have once, or twice, made such a lapse. But Mr. Lanier was rather strict about his rest hours in those years: his feebleness compelled him to be so; and I doubt he would achieved the *Science of Verse* had he often kept such hours. In addition to his makeup of physique, his strength of sympathy and consideration for others prevent me from thinking that I have merely forgotten the facts.

The flute he played was a *Boehm* flute; the name is incorrectly given. And—unimportant as it sounds—those 'corduroy riding trousers' were not 'white,' but the dull tone



Where Ashby Fell.

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

of very light tan that is not unlike wrapping paper.

Again: it is true that he found the deep and equable inspirations of the flute valuable, life-giving; but he had nothing of the sort in mind in giving himself to that instrument, which, indeed, he began in childhood. The violin was his choice, and his father would not countenance the violin, but sanctioned the flute as less absorbing and distracting—and bohemian! After he became old enough to choose his course, he was too old to become an artist on the most exacting of instruments,—and he had the mastery of the flute, and had learned to love it well: as he loved everything musical.

No attempt to harmonize or explain away the differences of detail between the two foregoing accounts, by Mr. Hopkins and Mrs. Lanier respectively, is deemed necessary. The general agreement is complete. Naturally Mrs. Lanier would think of the consideration the musician always mani-

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fested for the rights—even the dream and slumber rights—of others; and just as naturally Mr. Hopkins, who was one of those enjoying the music, would think of what a splendid thing midnight flute-playing, by Sidney Lanier, really was. To be sure, Mrs. Lanier could not be mistaken about the color of the riding costume—Mr. Hopkins must yield unreservedly on that point; that he will yield thus, and gracefully too, I have no doubt.

In one particular statement Mrs. Lanier seems to be slightly in error. Lanier's appointment to the lectureship at Johns Hopkins did not come till February, 1879, and his first lectures in that institution were not actually delivered till the autumn following. These facts are set forth in the subjoined letter.



River and Mountains from Port Republic Bridge.



Port Republic Battlefield.



Scene on Shenandoah River.

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
Baltimore, Md.

January 3, 1912.

DEAR SIR:—

Sidney Lanier was appointed lecturer in English Literature in this University February 3rd., 1879, and he gave his first course of lectures the following autumn. This consisted of sixteen lectures on "English Verse, especially Shakespeare," and began October 28th. The following year he gave twelve lectures on the "Development of the Modern English Novel," beginning January 26th., 1881. He did not lecture in the University prior to February 3, 1879.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) T. R. BALL,
Registrar.

MR. JOHN W. WAYLAND,
Harrisonburg, Va.

It is evident from the foregoing letter that the lectures of 1878-79, to which Mrs. Lanier refers, were not delivered to Johns Hopkins students, as such. They were probably delivered to classes that the poet had at various places in Baltimore from time to time preceding his connection with the

SIDNEY LANIER

University. Doubtless his midsummer exertions at Rockingham Springs were stimulated throughout by his plans for inaugurating his university courses, to which he was looking forward with eager anticipation. The following extract from a long letter that he wrote to President Gilman, from 180 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, on the 13th of July, 1879, is apropos.

I have nearly completed three works which are addressed to the practical accomplishment of the object named ['of making a finer fiber for all our young American manhood by leading our youth in proper relations with English poetry'], by supplying a wholly different method of study from that mischievous one which has generally arisen from a wholly mistaken use of the numerous 'Manuals' of English literature. These works are my three textbooks: (1) 'The Science of English Verse,' . . . (2) 'From Caedmon to Chaucer,' . . . (3) my 'Chaucer.' . . . I am going to print these books and sell them



Port Republic Bridge.



Stonewall Jackson's Headquarters at Elkton.



Port Republic Confluence of the Rivers, the Bridge, and the Heights toward Cross Keys.

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

myself, . . . I have been working on them for two months; in two more they will be finished; and by the middle of November I hope to have them ready for use as textbooks.⁴

This letter evidently was written with the work at Johns Hopkins still in prospect, but near at hand. Also, it was written only a few days before the Laniers left Baltimore for Rockingham Springs. The six weeks at the Springs, therefore, covering the period from late July to early September, made up most of the "two more" months in which the three books were to be finished, and in which, as already seen, the "Science of English Verse" was finished. Accordingly, when Lanier came to the Springs he must have had in mind or in hand, probably in more or less fragmentary notes, the bulk of

⁴ See Edwin Mims' "Sidney Lanier", pages 255, 256.

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the matter used in the "Science of Verse"; but in the six weeks spent there he wrote out the complete manuscript, as he carried it back to Baltimore and to his university classes,—and probably as it went into the hands of the printers a year or two later.

How far into the country surrounding the Springs Lanier's frequent horseback rides took him, we cannot exactly determine; but Mr. Hopkins says that he went out for miles in every direction.

As already observed, some of the particular localities in the adjacent sections were really famous, and many others were interesting because of Nature's magic touch or cherished association with notable deeds and men. Twelve miles southwest from the Springs are the Grottoes of the Shenandoah—Weyer's Cave and connected caves—and only a little farther in the opposite

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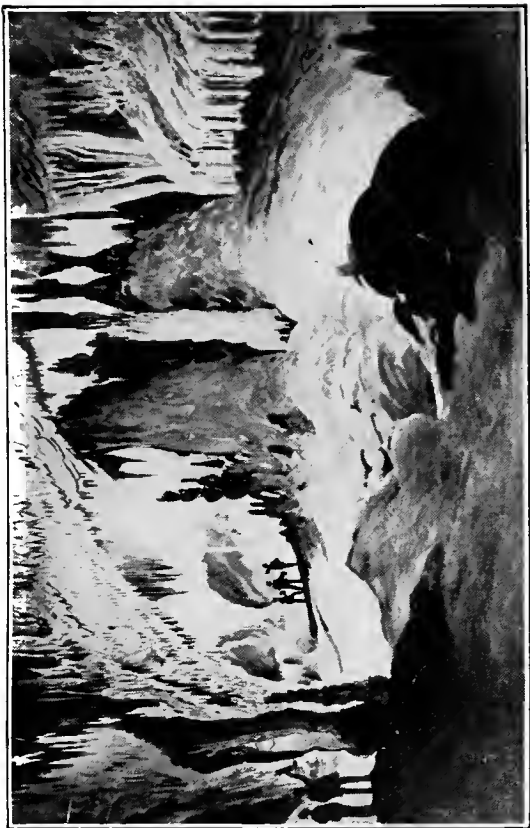
direction are the caverns of Luray.⁵ The Peak of the Massanutten Mountain, rugged and abrupt, and, from the east side, bearing more than a fancied resemblance to the rock of Gibraltar, towers above the Springs and covers them with its afternoon shadows. The Kettle, enclosed by the horseshoe ridge of the Peak, is a remarkable natural feature; and just back of the Lanier Cottage, only a few hundred yards distant and in plain sight, is White Rock. This is a high cliff, with broad gray face, and can be plainly seen for miles along the Chesapeake-Western and the Norfolk-Western railways, passing Elkton and McGaheysville.

Across the Massanutten, near Linville, is

⁵ Massanutta Cave, only four miles southwest of Rockingham Springs, was not discovered till about 1893; the New Market Endless Caverns, fifteen miles north, were discovered in 1879—the same year that Lanier was in the Valley.

SIDNEY LANIER

the old Lincoln homestead, whence the President's ancestor emigrated to Kentucky in 1782. Much nearer are several places famous from the Civil War: A wooded hill near Harrisonburg where the Confederate general, Turner Ashby, was killed, and the Federal general, Thomas L. Kane, brother to the arctic explorer, was wounded and captured in a sharp fight the evening of June 6, 1862; rolling fields and woodlands, six miles south, about Cross Keys, where two days later Fremont and Ewell fought; and, a few miles further south, the broad river flats near Port Republic, where Shields and Jackson strove in fierce conflict, June the 9th. In 1865 Lanier had written his splendid verses on "The Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson"; and it is inconceivable that he should not have been stirred again in spirit as he looked down upon the ground where



The Shell Room, Weyer's Cave.

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

the grim, silent chieftain had wound up the Valley campaign in that brilliant climax of strategy and hard fighting.

Almost opposite the Springs is the gap in the Blue Ridge—Swift Run Gap—through which Jackson had led his army eastward toward Richmond, and through which, a century and a half before, Governor Alexander Spotswood had led westward into the Valley the first exploring expedition, commemorated in the celebrated order, “Knights of the Horseshoe.” It was probably through this very gap that Lanier himself went, on one of his rides longer than the rest, about the end of September. To this ride Mrs. Lanier makes the following interesting reference:

We went to Rockingham Springs with Sidney, aged 8 years and 9 months, and Harry, 5 years old. Late in our visit Mr.

SIDNEY LANIER

Lanier went on horseback over the mountains to Rapidan Station [in Culpeper County] for our eldest son Charles, who was very near his 11th birthday; and they rode back to Rockingham on horseback—a very beautiful journey.⁶

It appears that occasionally—perhaps frequently—Lanier was not alone on his excursions into the country surrounding the Springs, and we are fortunate in being able to catch an intimate glimpse of him as one of a party of four. Mrs. J. L. Conn of McGaheysville remembers the family group well, as she frequently saw it,—“Mrs. Lanier and the two little boys riding the black pony, while Lanier himself walked along with his hand on the pony’s neck as he pointed out some bit of beautiful landscape.”⁷

⁶. Mrs. Lanier’s letter of July 19, 1911.

⁷. Letter of August 28, 1911, to the writer, from Miss Ruth Conn, McGaheysville, Va.



The Lanier Willows, McGaheysville. Two Views.





View Toward Elkton and Swift Run Gap.

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

Mrs. Conn's recollections of Lanier are continued in the following interesting strain:

You remember the little stream [Stony Run] that runs through the centre of the village [McGaheysville]: its banks are lined with big willows, and Lanier thought it one of the prettiest rural spots he had ever seen. He would come down in the mornings and sketch it from the bridge, while Mrs. Lanier held an umbrella over him, or talked to the girls of the village who came to watch him. He liked to have them come, and was careful to explain anything they wished to know. He sketched two pictures, one looking up, and one looking down the stream, and I think afterwards painted them.

He, too, very much admired our Peak and the mountains around it, and once said that Switzerland was no fairer than the Valley of Virginia.

At the Springs was an attractive little girl named Bessie Long. With autograph album in hand she went from one to another of the gentlemen guests, earnestly soliciting

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contributions: "Please, sir," she would say, "a line or two and your name." When she came to Lanier he took the little book, and, without a moment's hesitation wrote:

Man wants but little here below, but
wants that little Long.

We may be sure that Miss Long has ever since counted that autograph album as one among her dearest treasures. Writing from Baltimore under date of March 22, 1912, she says:

It was our custom to spend our summers in Virginia, and several of them were spent at Rockingham Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Lanier were there [in 1879], and I remember he used to take me out riding, putting me up on the horse in front of him. His two little boys, Sidney and Hal, were my chums.
. . . Mr. Lanier did write in my album.

Miss Long then repeats the lines written, as they have already been given above.

Searching the files of the *Rockingham*

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

Register, a weekly newspaper published at Harrisonburg, to see whether they might contain some reference to Lanier, I was rewarded in finding the following communication:

Tournament at Rockingham Springs.

McGaheysville, Va., Aug. 8th, 1879.

Editors Register:—The tournament came off at this place to-day and was a success.

Thirteen knights entered the lists. About eleven A. M. the mounted knights, under command of Chief Marshal Bowcock, formed a line in front of the portico of one of the cottages, from the steps of which an eloquent and appropriate address (as a charge to the knights) was delivered by Mr. Lanier, of Baltimore. The rules of the Tourney were then read by one of the judges, after which the company of knights filed to the left and marched to the ground, where the tilting soon began. An elegant track has been prepared (along which three ring posts had been planted, about fifty feet

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apart) just between and a little below the building and the springs. The tilting began, witnessed by a large concourse of spectators, from whom shouts of acclamation arose whenever a gallant knight took three rings at one ride, which was frequently done. The riding was splendid.

The following were the successful knights:

1st. Mr. Thomas Kyger, who selected Miss Minnie Bowcock as Queen of Love and Beauty.

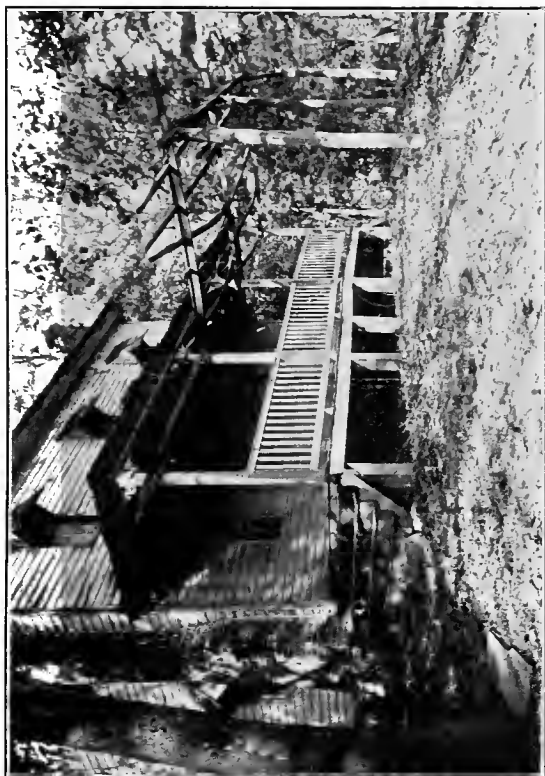
2nd. Mr. Frank Life, who selected Miss Cornelia Bonds as First Maid of Honor.

3rd. Mr. Wm. Yancey, who selected Miss Emma Yancey as Second Maid of Honor.

4th. Mr. Thomas Yancey, who selected Miss T. Shipp, of Stanardsville, as Third Maid of Honor.

The successful Knight was also presented with an elegant silver cup, in addition to the honor of crowning the Queen.

An adjournment was then taken until 2 1-2 P. M., at which hour the coronation and presentation of the prizes took place, upon a platform in the grove, in the presence



Scene of Lanier's Address to the Knights.

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of a large crowd, after which the royal party led off in the dance to the sweet music of Almond's String Band, which exercise is going on at this writing.

Everything passed off pleasantly, and seemed to be enjoyed by all.

There are about forty resident guests, besides a number of transient visitors at this health-giving resort. W.⁸

The first time I went to Rockingham Springs gathering facts connected with Lanier's sojourn there, I was fortunate enough to have as a companion and guide Mr. Edwin B. Hopkins himself. We drove in the three miles from McGaheysville, along country lanes bordered with meadows, orchards, and patches of woodland, past "Bonny Brook," over the little hills and across the hollows, into the foothills of the Massanutten.

On top of a hill somewhat higher than

⁸. From the *Rockingham Register* of August 14, 1879.

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the rest, with the view open far to the eastward, Mr. Hopkins stopped the horse and said:

“Mr. Lanier frequently came here on the Black Pony. This was one of the landscape views that specially attracted him.”

I got out of the buggy to take a good look around, and to get a photograph.

Two miles westward the jagged side of the Massanutten rose in a long serrated ridge, while out from its base, through the wooded hills, the road came winding from the Springs. Ten miles eastward the long billowy line of the Blue Ridge thrust itself far up into the fairer blue of the morning sky. High up on the rugged slope of the mountain, not far from the Swift Run Gap road, the practiced eye could discern the white spray of Cedar Bluff Falls. Between the hill where we stood and the distant summits

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

stretched the broad plains of the Shenandoah River—"The Euphrates" Spotswood and his companions called it when they looked upon it at the selfsame place in 1716. In the midst of the plain the white houses and glittering roofs of Elkton cast upward the slanting rays of the sun, while on all the surrounding hills the dark green cones of the pine and cedar trees rose up in stately symmetry among the less regular outlines of the oaks, chestnuts, poplars, and hickories.

When we had followed the road in nearly to the Springs I turned and looked again eastward, down the long vista of the encroaching hills, and I could still see an irregular panel of the distant blue mountain, with the blue sky above it.

Mr. Hopkins drew up in front of a small house.

SIDNEY LANIER

“This,” said I, “is Lanier’s cottage, I suppose.”

“No; this is the one from the veranda of which he delivered the charge to the knights in the tournament.”

I wondered how many of those young fellows of 1879, as they sat their horses and shot sidelong glances at the girls they hoped to crown, had realized what a far-sounding voice was speaking to them, bringing them face to face with a chivalrous past in the need of the calling future. As for Lanier himself, I imagine he must have thought, for one thing, of the stirring lines he had written in “The Tournament” a dozen years before:

Bright shone the lists, blue bent the skies,
And the knights still hurried amain
To the tournament under the ladies’ eyes,
Where the jousts were Heart and Brain.

A hundred yards farther on we came



Rockingham Springs in Twilight.



The Lanier Pine.

AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS

to Baltimore House—Lanier Cottage. I walked around it, looking at it from all sides; then I went into the little room, off the northeast end of the lower porch, where the “Science of English Verse” was written; finally I went upstairs and out on the upper porch, where the witching notes of the flute had wooed the soft echoes of night.

Out just a few yards from the spot where the musician sat is a big, beautiful white pine. I could almost imagine the poet-player’s soul, as his music sprang out and upward toward the stars, meeting a sort of oracular response in the whispering needles of the pine, as the nightwind from the mountain rustled gently through them; for “in his hands the flute,” as said his director in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, “no longer remained a mere material instrument, but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration.”

SIDNEY LANIER

Lines by Miss Ruth Conn, of Rockingham County, Virginia, Dedicated to the Lanier Literary Society, whose hall is almost in sight of Rockingham Springs

THOUGH Lanier is sleeping calmly
Where doth sigh the Southern pine,
Still he lives—his hallowed memory
Makes each heart a sacred shrine.
Scholar, soldier, knight, musician,—
Best of all we love him still
For the magic of his singing,
That can sway our souls at will.

Song to him was only living,
All his work a mighty psalm
Offered up in purest worship,
Pain and rapture, storm and calm.
May the spirit that upheld him
Guide our faltering footsteps too,
And the words that he has spoken
Keep our aims and purpose true!

